

THE
EARL of *Warwick*;
OR, THE
KING and SUBJECT.



T R A G E D Y.

*Let Kings ne'er stretch Prerogative too far;
Nor beyond certain Bounds let Subjects dare.*
From an old Poem called the GENIUS of ENGLAND.



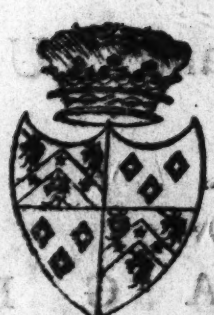
L O N D O N:
Printed for G. KEARSLEY, in *Ludgate-Street*,
M.DCC.LXIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

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OR THE

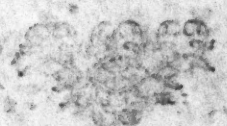
KING



FOR A



Let King
Not beyond
From an old



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Printed for C. Kearsley, in England Street.

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[Price One Shilling.]

TO THE
C O T T E R I E
I N

ALBEMARLE-STREET.

S I R S,

 HE gallant Earl of WARWICK, that truly spirited English subject, born enemy to oppression of every sort, and strenuous assertor of the Rights and Liberty of Man, waits upon your laudable Assembly, actuated by sentiments so congenial with those which he himself possesses; to wit, that whatever Your Patriot Resentment, and loyal Indignation may be against the Contrivers and Promoters of evil Measures immediately against the people, but ultimately against the Throne, your affection for the sacred Person, and just zeal for the authority of the King, are not to be diminished by any perplexities into which wicked politicians may plunge you for having virtuously endeavoured.

It were well, if Sovereigns would always keep this great Truth present in their minds ; “ That
“ the most firmly attached subjects, in the hour of
“ danger, are they who oppose any unjustifiable
“ extending of Power ; and that they who make
“ shew of the promptest alacrity to foster the am-
“ bition of over-grasping Ministers, are always
“ the readiest to betray, and fall off in the day
“ of Peril.”

If this Address, and the perusal of the fol-
lowing Scenes, prove not unacceptable to the
COTTERIE, the time and labour devoted in fit-
ting them for an English Eye shall be deemed to
have been well employed by

S I R S,

Your most respectful, and

most humble Servant,

London, Feb. 21, 1763.

THE WRITER.

P R E.

P R E F A C E.

THE first dramatic essay of M. de la Harpe was exhibited this winter on the theatre at Paris, called, *Le Comte de Warwick*, and met with deserved success. From that French original the subject of the annexed sheets, is, for the most part, taken; but with many alterations and additions, to bring the business of the scene nearer home to the bosom of English readers; and in several places to give it a complexion more a-kind to our climate, the times, and manners, than were either necessary, or could be adequately judged of by French Readers or Spectators, as will be obvious to whoever shall make a Comparison.

The conclusion of the fourth act, and all the fifth are an entire deviation from the French original, which is very ingeniously managed, and well carried on to the separation of Elizabeth from Warwick. Their parting is followed by a sudden, unnatural, and unartful change of sentiments, with which that hero concludes the fourth act.

The fifth is a very unhappy falling off, in point of stage business; it is not above half the length of any of the preceding acts: the sentiments and language of it do not rise above mediocrity.

When

When fitted in the best manner judged of for our theatre, this piece was offered to the representative-manager of Drury-lane, to be thus performed: **Queen Margaret**, Mrs. Pritchard; **Lady Elizabeth**, Mrs. Yates; **Warwick**, Mr. Holland; **King Edward**, Mr. Powell; which they would both look and act well.

Intimation had been received, that Covent-garden was so over-stocked with sing-song, as to even necessitate the deferring to next year a musical performance by Dr. Arne.

The answer from Drury-lane was, they had a tragedy on the same subject, but could not bring it on this season, they had been so much engaged. --- Strange! considering the many chasms that have intervened since its commencement: 1. Mr. Foote's retiring from them on some disagreement. 2. Mr. Murphy's withdrawing his two pieces, that since miscarried at Covent Garden. 3. The unexpected failure of the Dupe. --- "Having a piece upon the same subject," is a stale hackneyed excuse. If Drury Lane has such a thing, let it be left a few days at Mr. Davies's, or any other bookseller's shop, for the inspection of the curious, and ascertaining the agent-managers veracity.

A complaint against the preposterous administration of the stage, with strictures on the pernicious tendency of the act for restraining the number of theatres, being prepared for the Consideration of those, in whose power alone it is to give redress, when matters of a more serious import shall be decided, it were needless now to trouble the reader with any more on that head; and we therefore

con-

conclude with this remark, that foreign grotesque dancers, eunuchs, or Italian burletta strollers, swept from any part of Europe hither, in the choicest part of the season, can get on at either house now distorted entirely for pantomime, dumb shew, outrageous squalling to a numerous orchestra, or the exhibiting a monster made up of coarse cloth, timber, and other trash. The hearing a rational speaker is now almost defeated in the more considerable part of both theatres.

EDWARD IV. of the house of York, King of England.

Queen MARGARET, a Princess of Anjou, married to Henry VI. of the house of Lancaster, King of England, but deposed and confined.

The Earl of WARWICK.

Lady ELIZABETH.

SUFFOLK, the King's favourite.

SUMMER, Warwick's friend.

NEVILLE, an attendant on the Queen.

OFFICERS, GUARDS, &c.

The Swan London.

DRAMATIS

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EDWARD IV. *of the house of York, King of England.*

Queen MARGARET, *a Princess of Anjou, married
to Henry VI. of the house of Lancaster, King of Eng-
land, but dethroned and confined.*

The Earl of WARWICK,

Lady ELIZABETH,

SUFFOLK, *the King's confidant*

SUMNER, *Warwick's friend.*

NEVIL, *an attendant on the Queen.*

OFFICERS, GUARDS, &c.

The Scene **LONDON.**

DRAMATIS

THE

THE EARL OF WARWICK

THE
EARL OF WARWICK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

QUEEN MARGARET, NEVIL.

Nev.  HAT! while the fates o'erwhelm
you with their frowns,
Your husband groaning in opprobrious chains,
While Edward owes his greatness
to your ruin,
And proudly lords it on the throne of Lancaster;
Can you, great queen, so passively endure

B A storm

A storm of ills, and smile serenity !
 Dawns any hope to misery like your's ?

Marg. Yes ; the supporter of a gen'rous soul
 That makes it bolder in adversity !
 Not suicide, the coward's mean resource
 Hope of revenge I cherish in my breast ;
 Revenge ! the glorious attribute of heav'n.

New. And whence can thy misfortune draw such hope,
 Th'imperial sceptre, in the hand of York,
 Is now with-held from Lancaster's just sway.
 The time is now no more when thy great soul,
 The counterpoise to royal Henry's weakness,
 Humbled the native fierceness of this isle,
 Forc'd her reluctant to confess your pow'r,
 And made proud Albion's sons revere authority.
 Our haughtiest warriors, guided then by you,
 You crushed the chieftains of our civil broils.
 Then, the now lucky York's ambitious father,
 Fell a just victim to your royal ire.

But now the scene is changed, and maugre all
 Thy innate fortitude, by wayward fate,
 As if repenting of her former smiles,
 York proudly triumphs ; Lancaster's deposed.
 Vain were your efforts in a husband's cause,
 Who panic-struck made weak attempts to grasp
 A sceptre sliding from his recreant hand.
 Warwick's fell star glared baleful to your house,
 Your son, dear object of your vows and fears,
 Far from his plaintive mother's tender care,
 A captive infant dreads the tyrant's frown,

And

The EARL of WARWICK.

3

And your illustrious self, disgrace to loyalty,
Are now confin'd within these hated walls. . . .

Marg. More flatt'ring scenes are op'ning to my view,
And adverse fortune seems inclined to change;
At least, my bias'd heart so whispers to me,
And to unfold my ev'ry hope to you.

Edward intends the secret of his heart,
His love shall this day be proclaimed to all;
The fair Elizabeth, whom Warwick long
In private has adored, he means to wed.
Thus Edward seizing on the base occasion
Of his friend's absence at the Gallic court,
Offers a throne, ere Warwick can return.

New. And what avails this perfidy to you,
Or the adherents to fall'n Henry's cause?

Marg. That time will tell, th' unraveller of all
The great events which actuate this world.
How will the English brook to see th' usurper,
To Warwick false, espouse a subject's daughter.

New. How! raise a subject's daughter to the throne,
While Warwick, in his name, solicits France
To give their monarch's sister to our king:
This double insult to a friend and foe
Is big with danger to the crown of Edward.

Marg. I glory in the tumult to ensue;
In vain Elizabeth declines the nuptials,
And prays her father not to force her will;
But his ambition's deaf to all entreaty,
And laughs at nature, so he raise his house.

This I have learn'd from those who know the secret.
 And can you think that Warwick's daring mind,
 The pride of war, the thunder of the field,
 Will thus be robb'd of her his soul adores;
 Tamely resign her to usurping Edward,
 To be the scoff, the may-game of the court,
 And not have ample vengeance for this injury.

Nev. His prudence may forbid all rash attempts.

Marg. Prudence! a coward's virtue,... Warwick glows
 With all the fires impatience ever kindled,
 Impetuous in his thoughts, brooks no delay,
 And what he wills, as instantly performs.
 Be that his praise, altho' my direst foe;
 His pow'rful sword decides the fate of monarchs.
 Proud in th' extreme, and jealous as intrepid,
 With noble heart, and mind not to be chang'd,
 When once his resolution he has fix'd,
 Great Warwick is! who, conscious of his worth,
 Looks down on thrones; and holds himself superiour
 To those crown'd things he lifts to monarchy.
 Soon shalt thou see him ardent in my cause,
 And eager to avenge th' affront receiv'd,
 Pull down this idol he himself has rais'd:
 Soon shalt thou see him call my Henry forth
 From the dishonour of captivity;
 And giving a new spirit to our cause,
 Lead troops embattled to assert our right,
 And cheer the drooping friends of Lancaster.

Nev. Pray heav'n, such flatt'ring wishes may prove true.

Marg.

The EARL of WARWICK.

5

Marg. Doubt not ; now tremble, Edward, the wish'd
hour

Approaches ; the just hour of retribution,
When all thy pow'r usurp'd shall be reclaim'd ;
Or if the malign influence of my fortune
Should Warwick's arm enerve, and foil his sword :
At least, this comfort shall I have, to see
The foes of Lancaster engag'd in broils,
And mutually concert each other's ruin.

To view their blood in streams will cheer my eyes,
To hear their dying groans delight my ears,
And thus contending for the wrongs they've done,
Revenge at once, and give me back the throne.

New. Let not illusions lead you to new peril
Above a woman's power to encounter ;
And all for what ? for a weak, helpless mortal,
Alike unworthy of the throne and you.

Marg. Spare your invectives on the royal head :
To be unfortunate is not a crime.
His hand, fatigued with wielding of the sceptre
I saw him sleep on danger's precipice.
To me he now assigns the task of vengeance,
Regardless of the evils we endure.
Fall'n Henry seems alike insensible
To his own chains, and the usurper's pride.
But now, to me, to Marg'ret is devolv'd
To act the monarch, and forget the queen ;
And for such daring there's an only son,
To be a mother's comfort for her toils ;
Should she succeed to reinstate his fire

On

6 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

On the great throne of his forefathers :
He then will know how much he owes a parent,
And from what various perils she has snatch'd him.

Nev. From such as history will hardly b'lieve.

Marg. Ev'n my own blood runs cold at the remembrance

Of the dire day, when driv'n by adverse fate,
Both fugitives from Edward's cruel rage,
Our last asylum was a dreary forest,
With gloom embrown'd, replete with ev'ry terrour.
Helpless and unattended, my poor babe
In these fond arms I bore; for him all anxious;
Regardless of myself. . . . Thro' paths unknown
I stray'd the live-long day, with England's heir,
And ev'ry moment there expected death.

Nev. That royalty should be reduc'd so low !

Marg. So low, indeed. . . . With what words can
I paint

That most alarming instant of my life :
When, nurs'd in blood, and outlawed by the state,
A ruffian form before my eyes appear'd
Fix'd in astonishment and chilling fear.
A sudden smile of avaricious joy
Gleam'd o'er his face, at sight of unsought prey.
He drew his sword, intent to strike : I stopt him :
(For woman's fear was conquer'd by the love
I bore my son) then bid him hold my child,
For I was tir'd with bearing : " 'Tis your prince,
" The heir of hapless Henry." Then, O shame

To

To those who're called the great ones of the realm.
He look'd compassion at my wretched plight,
And kindl'd in our cause, as thus I spoke:

"If thou'rt a man, if thou'rt of English blood,

"Behold thy lawful prince; behold his mother!

"O spare, spare him, or kill us both together."

A rough, but honest zeal, glow'd in his eyes,
And tears of loyalty stream'd down his cheeks.

"Come, follow me, he said; your life's my care.

"This hand shall bear the prince; in this my sword

"Shall cleave whatever Yorkist dare oppose."

New. 'Tis heav'n inspireth low plebeian souls
With sense of veneration, when they see
Their rightful sov'reigns humbled in distress.

Marg. No; 'twas an honest heart, yet undebauch'd
By life's false polish, or the fraud of courts.
Say what so justly should ennoble mortals,
As loyalty to an unhappy prince,
His birthright and distress his chief supporters,
While venal lords hail prosp'rous usurpation.

New. Heav'n in that peril manifestly prov'd
Its mediation in your joint behalf,
Saving the mother and the royal babe,
By hands which never had been used to mercy.

Marg. It did, I ever gratefully shall own,
And fervent pray'rs acknowledge the protection.
But, now to Edward; he shall instant learn
That Marg'ret fears him not; will boldly speak;
Bid him to send her to the Gallic shore,

And

And fix the ransom of the queen and prince.
That granted, I have nothing more to ask;
Nor can he less than to fulfill his promise.

Nev. And do you think that Edward, gracious queen,
Will grant you such demands, however just?

Marg. I think he will; for notwithstanding all
The dire calamity in which he plunged us,
True magnanimity is Edward's praise.
His virtues I deny not; but revenge
Shall overtake his lawless usurpation.

I'll straight to France, there join my rage to Warwick's;
The Gallic monarch shall espouse our quarrel,
To re-obtain our long-disputed right.
Myself, my son, my husband I'll defend;
It is resolv'd . . . but haughty Edward comes:
Withdraw, and wait our pleasure, faithful Nevil.

[Exit Nevil.]

Enter EDWARD, SUFFOLK, GUARDS.

Edw. Madam, I've heard that you would speak with
Edward;

Now let us know what Margaret would ask.
If thy request exceed not reason's bound,
Edward shall not refuse.

Marg. Indulgent sir,
This condescension from thy height of pow'r
Argues the blood of York is not so cruel
As some antagonists would fain assert.

Edw.

The EARL of WARWICK. 9

Edw. Censure's a tribute which the Great must pay.
Whate'er malevolence may urge against me,
My heart is just, and sets due value on
Thy talents, worthy of a better fate;
Therefore we deign to learn what you require.

Marg. In me behold th'uncertainty of pow'r;
Thy presence aggravates my other ills.
I've seen you bend a subject's knee to me,
Your queen, your sov'reign, in this very palace,
Where now you rule, and hold me as a pris'ner.
Such is the sport of fickle destiny.
Enjoy the transient blessing while you can.
From me to you the bitter cup may pass.
I now demand what you're in honour bound
To grant, not meanly supplicate a boon;
That you restore my son and me to liberty.

Edw. This is the stile of pow'r, not of petition.

Marg. 'Tis virtue's stile, that knows not how to stoop.
Speak; what's the ransom you demand for both,
And rid your eye of such displeasing objects,
Th' unhappy, whom fell usurpation wrongs.

Edw. The first usurpers were of Lancaster.
York but re-claims their injur'd house's right,
Too long kept from them by oppressive force, . . .
What mischief sprang from our intestine broils!
But wherefore speak, and on what plea, proud woman,
Dar'st thou dispute my title to the crown,
Against the nation's voice, by whom invited,
I wield fair Albion's sceptre, Shall a foreign

Princess, the child of titular Anjou,
 Upbraid me here in London? matchless daring!
 Your Henry, by the senate, is depos'd;
 And here thou'rt now no more than René's daughter;
 An alien princess, but no more a queen:
 Be thou no longer vain of that high title.
 The treaty pending now 'twixt France and us
 Will fix the time of your deliverance.
 What obstacles may intervene, I know not,
 The claims of kingdoms are not eas'ly settled;
 Nor is't my bus'ness to unfold them here.
 Your lot depends entirely on my will.

Marg. On heav'n, and on myself I will depend
 'Tis now no time for mis'ry to retort
 To Edward's railing, and opprobrious taunts.
 Tyrant, you fear lest Europe, by my cries,
 In the just cause of kings, shou'd succour send.
 But, ev'n from English hands, I hope revenge.
 The restless natives of this peopl'd isle,
 Tumultuous as the ocean that surrounds 'em,
 Are soon excited by each factious blast,
 In driving storms to deal their martial rage.
 Such hours hast thou to dread, and I to hope.
 More from the people's wrath do I expect
 Than the slow succours of protracting kings:
 While that I live thou never shalt know quiet.
 Thus Henry's wife declares, thy lawful queen,
 And tho' a woman, tyrant, thy superiour.

Edw. I war not with thy sex; but from my soul
 Pity this wild extravagance of rage.

But

The EARL of WARWICK. 11

But wherefore, Marg'ret, can'st thou call me cruel?
Led by my father to the field of glory,
To vindicate the crown usurp'd from York,
I there beheld him fall 'midst troops embattled,
And, as by duty urg'd t'avenge his death,
I did; that is the sense of your complaints.
Complaints I heed not, they will ne'er avail you;
Howe'er they serve to feed a frantic passion,
That makes you now forgetful of our presence.
I feel for greatness fall'n; applaud your spirit.
No more . . . and from the blood of York enough.
Go, sooth your anguish with a darling son,
Nor shall admittance be denied you to him:
But when you hold him in your arms embrac'd,
'That be your proof of Edward's clemency.

Marg. Our tears, our groans, our abject state will
teach

What just returns such clemency deserves.

Till then farewell.

[*Ex. Marg'ret, Nevil.*

Edw. Suffolk, my gen'rous heart
Cannot but feel for this afflicted queen.

But, what are all her pangs to what I suffer?

I now, my friend, this bosom will unfold,

And pour its ev'ry secret in your ear.

The virtues of my heart you long have known.

My race of glory is now stain'd with love;

Shameful confession, but, alas, too true.

For, from the fatal day her beauty first

12 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Triumphant dazzl'd all th' admiring court,
My heart surrender'd to the conqu'ring charms
Of fair Elizabeth, a willing captive:
I found myself far gone ere well aware.

Suff. How! fair Elizabeth, whom Warwick loves?
How will he bear a rival in his passion?

Edw. O, there thou prob'st me to the very quick
Making my wounded heart bleed all afresh.
I feel for Warwick; yet can't cure my love:
But, to no longer languish in suspense,
And free me from remonstrances of friendship;
I mean to marry ere he can arrive;
So, by dispatch, to supersede remorse.

Suff. But tell me, royal sir, are you assur'd
That mutual love Elizabeth enflames?

Edw. No matter; she is now in life's gay bloom,
A novice yet, perhaps, in love's soft passion,
At least, her modest diffidence declares
A heart unpractis'd in th' intriguing arts.
Her innocence confounds; believe me, Suffolk,
When oft-times I would fain unfold my love,
Her instant blushes caus'd the like in me;
Struck dumb, I could not speak my sentiments.

Suff. But, should her heart be otherwise inclin'd.

Edw. Grant that it were; know you not female pride?
That a crown'd lover seldom fails to please.
What can a subject offer to allure,
Of equal charms with England's diadem;

Besides,

Besides, my love shall teach me how to please,
And win her, independent of the throne.

Suff. But then, consider the hard fate of Warwick.

Edw. Suffolk, I do; and shudder at the thought.
I see him all enrag'd at my espousal,
And hear his loud reproaches to a prince,
To whom such binding services he render'd.
Cou'd princees e'er be tied by gratitude.
His treaty now with France is at an end;
That pow'r, incens'd against our way'ring conduct,
May rouse him to rekindle civil war.

Suff. The evil genius of our isle prevails;
I fear, this ill-tim'd passion's big with danger.
The hostile feuds of Lancaster and York
Have drench'd our fields with streams of English blood,
And thinn'd th' inhabitants of this fam'd isle.

Edw. But when I meant that they shou'd breathe from
carnage,
And know some interval from ruthless havoc;
Then to replunge them into scenes of slaughter,
I cannot bear the thought.

Suff. Can Suffolk's zeal
In aught alleviate his prince's anguish?

Edw. Yes, Suffolk can; and him alone I'd trust
With the important secret of my bosom.

Suff. Then make it known, that I may execute.

Edw. To Paris fly with wings of expedition,
See Warwick, and relate the whole. My heart

Recoils,

Recoils, and cannot play him false; nay, bid him
 Ask, in requital for Elizabeth,
 (So he forgive the folly of my love)
 Whate'er his utmost wishes can demand.
 Bid his ambition claim for wife our sister
 And by that bond grow nearer to our person;
 Ambition is the idol of his soul;
 I know that Warwick never look'd on love
 But as a toy, unworthy of a hero's mind.

Suff. Is there aught else to do, shou'd haughty France
 Be loud in her complaints of treaty broken,
 And menace England with immediate war?

Edw. I, that way, nothing fear; for b'lieve me,
 Suffolk,

France dare not raise the signal of defiance,
 Too much embarrass'd in her own affairs.
 Nor need this slighted marriage break our treaty,
 To make the peace propos'd more permanent;
 King Henry's queen, unransom'd, shall return:
 But the young prince, her son, I'll keep for hostage.
 That dang'rous branch may shoot up to a tree,
 Noxious to all our hopes of royal heirs:
 Be gone, and lose no time.

Enter Officer of the Guards.

Off. Most gracious prince,
 Warwick is come.

Edw. How! Warwick come?

Off. Ev'n now
 The people on the shore, in zealous crowds,

With

The EARL of WARWICK. 15

With endless shouts acclaim on his arrival,
As England's champion, and the pride of Europe.

Edw. 'Tis well; withdraw. [*ex. Officer.*] What unexpected stroke!

Warwick is come; my hopes are all confounded
To see, or not to see him; that's the point.
Good heav'n, I know not what resolve to take.
How vain are all the projects of weak mortals!
Assist me, Suffolk, in this dang'rous crisis . . .
Meeting the man I've injur'd, and I love,
Tho' my breast feel a tempest-beaten heart,
My looks must wear the semblance of a calm.

ACT II. SCENE I.

WARWICK, SUMMER.

War. I Own, I'm pleas'd; by heav'n it glads my soul,
To see a nation's universal joy,
And grateful sense for services I've render'd;
While shouting crowds make all the concave banks
Of Thames resound, and echo to the sky.

Such

Such tributes please, when won by glorious deeds;
 A prince, accomplish'd, to the throne I've rais'd.
 No more need England now dread France's ire,
 As under Henry, long our throne's disgrace,
 The idiot slave of an imperious wife.
 Betwixt two rival, and two mighty nations
 I've fix'd the ballance of disputed pow'r,
 And with the olive branch twine hymen's wreath.
 Our Edward is to marry Lewis' sister.
 All this I've done, and hence am justly stil'd,
 The umpire, dread, and the support of kings.

Sum. These brilliant titles a new lustre draw
 From the distinguish'd love with which you're favour'd;
 Since fair Elizabeth declares for you.

War. I glory in the title of her lover:
 No hero need to blush at such a passion.
 But hark, the king, Edward, my friend approaches:
 Haste thou to fair Elizabeth, and paint
 Th' impatient throbbings of my heart to see her.

[*Exit Sum.*]

Enter EDWARD. GUARDS.

War. Hail, mighty prince! triumphant over all
 The leagued pow'rs to oppose your right.
 Thy faithful Warwick, to consummate all
 The happiness thy heart can wish, now brings
 From willing France, the treaty you desir'd,
 With promise of his sister for your queen.

Edw. Thou bringest more from France than I desire.

War.

The EARL of WARWICK.

17

War. How more ! ought not my sov'reign to rejoice
At this alliance with a virtuous princess,
That adds to, draws no lustre from her rank.
She now prepares t'embark for England's court,
There to receive thy royal hand in marriage.
What more cou'd faithful Warwick for thy service ?
Equally zealous in the field and council.

Edw. Edward's no stranger to the zeal of Warwick,
T' assert our rights, and Lancaster to crush ;
But yet, alas ! so destiny will have it, . . .
To be th' ally of France I don't decline ;
But cannot, will not, shall not wed the sister.

War. What says my prince ? unfold these mystic words.
Why thus departing from your late resolves ?
Forget you my commission to the court
Of Lewis ? He'll ne'er brook this act of scorn.

Edw. I care not ; I've chang'd my mind ; let that
suffice :
Nor, to please others, will I force my sentiments.

War. But, sir, the contract's sign'd ; your royal will
Has been by me convey'd to Lewis' ear,
Nor shall't be said, that Warwick e'er impos'd.

Edw. Lewis and I, not you, will settle that,
Why I renounce the nuptials which I sought,
And turn my thoughts to a more pleasing object.
Then talk no more of what my soul detests
The princess you have claim'd.

D

War.

18. *The* EARL of WARWICK.

War. I'm all amazement.
What new affection can have warp'd you thus ;
Or can propose so useful an alliance,
As that which I've procur'd.

Edw. To Politics
Must I for ever bow ; tyrannic yoke !
Tied down th' ambitious slave of interest,
Doom'd to be ever great, but never happy ;
My heart grows rebel and disclaims such laws.

War. What have I heard, ye guardian pow'rs of
England !
Is Edward's heart become the slave of love ?
Can that weak passion make him deaf to glory,
And overcast his fame with perfidy.
But it were treason to suspect my prince
Of such proceeding, fraught with so much danger . . .
I cannot believe't, and now by duty urg'd,
Summon your native virtue to awake.

Edw. Your zeal's in vain ; O Warwick, what I suffer
Betwixt two tyrant passions, love and fame !
My once bold heart is their alternate victim,
Steady to neither ; nor from glory wean'd.

Warwick, I know I'm seated on a throne,
Rais'd on a precipice's utmost verge ;
Where ghastly ruin stares from ev'ry side :
The flames of civil war not quite extinguish'd.
Think me not lost to fame. . . . how conquer love ?
More would I say....but....my warrior....guide...friend...
Thy monarch's fate depends on thee alone.

[*Ex. Edward, Guards.*

W A R-

The EARL of WARWICK. 19

WARWICK SOLUS.

[*War.* Immortal pow'rs, what can this riddle mean;
A change so unexpected who cou'd fear?
What new-sprung beauty hath surpriz'd his soul.
But, lo! another wonder this way comes,
Marg'ret advancing tow'ards the man she hates:

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. You may, with reason, wonder I shou'd come
Where the fell cause of all our house's woe,
And my calamity is to be met:
But pressing motives, sir, have brought me hither.
Warwick returning from the court of Lewis,
No doubt, brings with him the concluded treaty;
'Tis hop'd, he'll deign to tell a wretched queen
What lot has destiny ordain'd for her;
And if proud Lewis makes it his concern
To free a princess from captivity.
To your disposal ev'ry thing's assign'd;
Myself, my son, and husband in your pow'r.

War. 'Tis from my master you must learn your fate;
This treaty may not be so far conclusive,
As not to undergo some alteration;
When least expected, monarchs change their minds.

Marg. Not Edward sure; this match with France's
sister,
Which he, by Warwick, has solicited,
Is too essential to forego. . . Howe'er,
It has been rumour'd loudly thro' the court,

That a new passion hath enflam'd his heart,
Of which, no doubt, you've heard.

War. Not I, by heav'n . . .
Who can the forc'ress be that cou'd enthrall
And make him swerve to such escapes of love?

Marg. That forcerefs is one you'd scarce suspect,
One whom he ought in honour to revere;
One, whose fair hand is to a hero promis'd,
And to that hero Edward owes his crown:
But now repays with blackest perfidy,
His signal services in field and council.
Nay, this night robs him of his fav'rite prize,
Elizabeth, the first of English beauties.

War. Elizabeth! be cautious what you say;
I'm on the rack; my soul is all on fire.
Cou'd Edward then, forgetful of himself?
Sure he's not yet apostatiz'd from glory.
Men cannot, sure, so rapidly become
Cowardly, base, perfidious, and ingrate.
What! does he mean to have himself dethron'd,
The state o'erturn'd; and all thro' his contrivance?
Has he so soon forgot who Warwick is,
And dar'd to hurt him in the tend'rest part?
It cannot be.

Marg. Conviction soon will prove
All I have said is true, beyond a doubt.

War. 'Twas nat'ral, madam, to suspend my b'lief.
You the informer, Edward the accus'd.
O, you have plung'd a dagger in my heart

And

The EARL of WARWICK.

21

And that your narrative is but too true,
Edward's confusion is a glaring proof.
Is it for Warwick to be treated thus?

Marg. Wherefore surpris'd you shou'd be treated thus?
He, who proves false to his true, lawful prince,
From usurpation must expect such treatment.
Had you with equal zeal serv'd Henry's cause,
Marg'ret a nobler recompence had found
Than this, which Edward now prepares. Ere long
What you've acquir'd by a change of kings; yes,
You'll know, as well as whom you ought t'have serv'd,
And whom to hate; but, thanks to Providence,
A hope of just revenge now cheers my soul,
To see the rebel chief, who fought against us,
Punish'd by him he list'd to a throne. [*Ex. Marg.*]

WARWICK SOLUS.

War. I cannot harbour such a foul surmize, . . .
Guiltless myself of such atrocious crimes,
I know not how to think another guilty.
And sure, if Warwick was to be betray'd,
It ought not be by Edward, king, and friend.

Enter SUMMER.

Sum. Shall I dare speak what I have heard, my lord?
The fair Elizabeth.

War. Stop . . . if thou regard'st
Thy life, and Warwick's peace . . . how; what said'st? speak . . .
I fain wou'd know; and yet I dread to learn. . . .
Come you to prove what Marg'ret has advanc'd?
Well;

Well ; grate upon my ears th' ill-omen'd notes,
Elizabeth is . . . Perdition . . . hell . . . hell . . .

Sum. Elizabeth is doom'd not to be your's ;
From her own lips I've learn'd the perfidy,
And the base stratagems against your love.
This is the night appointed for her spousal
With England's monarch ; so her father wills ;
Charm'd with the thought to have a king for son :
The weeping fair one sighs to see her Warwick.

War. Dumb with amazement at such monstrous crimes,
I can't find words to utter my surprize.
'Tis now no time to think, rage calls to action.
Yes, Edward, thou shalt rue this shameful act.
To what excess I lov'd this trait'rous man !
Too well I lov'd, not to detest him now . . .
Tho' my heart bleed at such a dire resolve . . .
But the affront will justify my wrath.

Sum. Since that your ruin must insure his bliss,
You'll prove a mutual terrour to each other.
Self-preservation is the first of laws.

War. I thank you, friend ; shall profit of the hint.
Was Warwick made to be the butt of scorn
To the ungrateful prince himself created ?
I can forgive a father's weak ambition,
Lur'd by the hope to have a queen for daughter ;
But never can the perfidy of Edward.
In sportive ease he wills the shame of Warwick . . .
But bitter disappointment be his lot.
Here, on my knees, to heav'n's blest'd shrine I swear,
Elizabeth and I shall never part.

By

By her own angel-charms I swear, she's mine,
While Warwick lives, Fell discord issue forth,
Now, crimson slaughter arm thy ruthless bands;
Let fierce convulsions rend our sea-girt isle:
I am insulted, who shall sleep in peace?

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eliz. O, welcome, sir, to Albion and to me.

War. My soul's fair idol, opportunely come,
T'inspire my love, and kindle tenfold rage.
I've learn'd the base proceedings of the king.
With full reliance on the virtuous heart,
That first made Warwick feel the pow'r of Love:
A heart, not to be won by dazzling greatness;
But such temptation leaves to vulgar minds.
The tyrant, then, had mark'd you for his prey.
Let him now tremble, Warwick is at hand,
Thy guardian, husband, lover, and thy friend:
Thy just avenger; and, thou soon shalt know,
What Danger he provokes who sports with me.
I never was a friend or foe by halves,
But chastise traitors, as I cherish worth.

Eliz. My father has, indeed, been much to blame;
He fain wou'd force me to the odious marriage.
Oft, in your absence, did my swollen heart
Address its sighs to you: oft wish'd your coming,
Ever reproaching France for your delay.
Think, then, what hours Elizabeth has pass'd!
Resolv'd, shou'd you not come, t' escape by death.
But! now thou'rt here, chief comfort of my soul,

My

By

My tears cease flowing, abject fear retreats.
 Yet, let me caution thee, thy sudden warmth
 To curb; lest it, unbridl'd, bear thy zeal
 On greater peril.

War. Preach to roaring seas;
 But not to me, of the base coward's refuge;
 Capitulating, cautious, tame restraint.
 What peril can exceed the loss of thee?
 Shall I be frightened by the pow'r I've rais'd?
 Shall I, their God, who make, and unmake kings,
 Brook scorn and infamy from upstart York?
 What wou'd astonish'd England say: "O shame
 " To warlike glory; how our hero's fall'n,
 " Nor dares to vindicate his gentle love
 " From the rude hand of an ingrate despoiler."
 I madden at the thought, and conscious shame
 Now reddens o'er my face, unus'd to blush
 I still can sway my country as I please
 Edward's no more a king; I now am Lancaster's

Eliz. Let not your love for me provoke such mischief.
 Your love's to me more precious than a throne.
 While lov'd by you, tho' for myself I fear not,
 Yet, the sad thought of my poor bleeding country,
 Afflicts my soul. . . . See Edward ere you draw
 The hostile sword: try what remonstrance can . . .
 You once were friends . . . and

War. There's no remonstrating
 To pow'r, when join'd with base ingratitude.
 I grieve that I have ever been his friend.
 Has not the wretch, on purpose to disgrace me,

Declin'd

Declin'd the glorious nuptials I concluded?
And now, to add new horreur to the deed,
Basely intends to rob me of my bride.

Eliz. But vainly; that his pow'r shall ne'er effect.

War. Am I to be the sport of his caprice?
Must Warwick's name be sign'd to fraudulent treaties?
Must he be injur'd in his love at home,
While absent for his prince at foreign courts? . . .
Such provocation is not to be borne,
But cries aloud for just and rapid vengeance.
I yet am Warwick, terrible in war:
On whose side victory hath always fought.
London shall know the cause of my complaint;
And the whole nation learn it with amazement.
They will not brook to see their Hero injur'd
By the ingratitude of York: a wretch
I've rais'd from nothingness up to a throne!
Who, but for me, must have obscurely liv'd
In exile, or in thralldom: mean ingratitude
Is a foul weed, fair Albion's gen'rous isle
Can never brook, but loves to see it crush'd. . . .
Then, think on which side will the people war.

Eliz. Lord of my soul, and ev'ry tender wish,
O, deign to hear what I have now to offer;
Nor thus indulge the transports of your mind:
I cannot think that Edward is so fall'n,
As now degen'rate from all princely virtues,
To force to marriage an unwilling heart. . . .
As yet, but to my fire, have I made known
My dislike to the king, and that in terms

26 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

The gentlest, lest I should provoke his anger;
 But, my heart tells me, that when Edward knows
 How long in mutual fondness we've been bound;
 He will decline to urge me to my ruin. . . .
 I'll speak my thoughts, will glory in my passion;
 And, without blushing, will proclaim to all,
 Before a throne, my preference for Warwick.

War. Winds, catch the sounds, and bear them on
 your wings
 To Edward's rival ear! my sweet Elizabeth. . . .

Eliz. Think not, my Warwick, that a man, a king,
 Can act so far unworthy of his rank,
 As to compel a woman to his bed;
 Her alien'd heart averse from his embrace;
 Not e'en barbarity would go so far.
 Edward is gen'rous, feels for others ills;
 On that I rest my hopes: do you too Warwick;
 Nor, with black thoughts, anticipate misfortune.
 Do not disdain to be advis'd by me,
 But listen to the voice of her you love.

War. With me more pow'rful than assembl'd senates.
 At thy request I do suspend my rage
 For a short interval of time; which you,
 And only you, cou'd now obtain. But, if
 Edward prove deaf to ev'ry tender plea,
 And means to injure me in her I love,
 Friendship's eras'd, and the betrayer dies.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARGARET, NEVIL.

Marg. **N**OW ev'ry thing conspires to crown my wish:
Discord has shook her torch among my foes.
Warwick's resentment spurns all bounds; my scheme
So far succeeds in blowing up his rage. . . .
But more is to be done. . . . I must direct the storm. . . .
I'm scarce recover'd from th' alarming news
Of a plann'd interview 'twixt York and Warwick.
That interview might overthrow my hopes,
And put an end to Warwick's rage. The earl
Is hot, impetuous, violent, and may
Break out in threats injurious to his prince,
'Gainst whom his heart now boils with ire; but stop . . .
Edward's destruction; not affront I want.
Here Warwick I'm to meet; and my advice,
If he pursue, will ratify our vengeance.

Nev. But with th' adherents to your cause devoted,
I doubt he will be able to effect
The fall of Edward from the throne he rais'd
For that imperious, and ungrateful prince.

Marg. Thou little know'st the genius of this isle:
Ready to veer with ev'ry shifting wind,
And steer each day a quite contrary course
To that which the preceding it pursued.
For thirty years a prey to civil wars,
In vain does Albion hope for lasting peace.

Her natives, nurs'd in blood, delight in slaughter,
 And the least spark may kindle new commotions.
 This is the realm of discord and of war ;
 B'lieve me, the date of Edward's triumph's short.
 What various scenes of murder have we seen ?
 What various crimes committed ? what a chain
 Of woes, from year to year, has not been felt
 By Albion, frighted at such streams of blood,
 Shed by the frauds of law, or soldiers rage ;
 While nothing, all around, was heard but groans
 Of those who moan'd a parent or a child :
 And frequent hearfes blacken'd ev'ry road.
 Of all the thousands who have been proscrib'd,
 Their children sigh in secret for revenge.
 'Tis the first lecture they were taught ; such notes
 Still wake their cradled infancy from sleep.
 For this, their first of duties, they endure
 Life on the terms they breathe.

Nev. O, gracious queen,
 Your thirst of vengeance blinds you to all danger,
 And makes your thoughts so partial to your cause.

Marg. Is there not ev'ry reason that I should ?
 When I reflect upon this people's nature,
 Their hands have been so long imbru'd in blood,
 And their first duty taught, is to revenge :
 They never long will keep the sword in sheath,
 And only wait the tempting opportunity
 To deal out blow for blow, on their oppressors.
 Such is the present state of our true friends.
 The haughty senate knows to veer about,

And lowly crouch to him who's fortune's minion.
 They shrunk 'fore Warwick, and proscrib'd their king.
 Yet, one successful blow would make them ours.
 And, tho' they push'd their arrogance so far,
 As, with indignity to treat their queen,
 Yet, in success, they'd pay me humblest homage.
 Besides, we've succours to expect. The Scots,
 A haughty, headstrong, and rebellious people,
 Impatient of their yoke that galls, would fain
 Shake off their tyrant; and, thro' my inviting,
 Make inroad into England; there espouse,
 And openly declare for Lancaster.

New. Forc'd by distress, you now conspire with War-
 wick,
 The fall of hated York: 'tis int'rest leads
 To such an union, not a ray of friendship.

Marg. Not a ray, indeed: for, tutor'd by distress
 My hatred to conceal, but not extinguish;
 I league with Warwick, that I may insure
 Just measure of revenge for Henry's wrongs:
 While his sole motive to join in our quarrel,
 Is to chastise th' ingratitude of York.
 Thus diff'rent politics direct us both.
 Think not I'll suffer an imperious subject
 To brow-beat and give laws unto his prince.
 No; I'll make proper use of his revolt,
 To raise fall'n Henry. Punishment shall follow.
 Edward's example teaches, that a subject,
 Pow'rful as Warwick is, must be depress'd:
 Where such prevail, peace cannot long reside.

But

30 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

But hark, what noise; is't Warwick that approaches?

No, 'tis the king: my friend let us retire.

[*Ex. Marg. Nev.*]

EDWARD *Enter* WARWICK, SUFFOLK, Guards.

Edw. Thou see'st there now remains no room for
hope

The insolent reply of this proud earl
Is not to be forgiv'n. Provok'd by all,
Whose care it should be to assuage my pain,
I'll bear no more these voluntary shackles,
But vindicate myself, and boldly act
As passion dictates. What shou'd kings restrain?
Their subjects! O, infamy. Guards, withdraw;
You're not t'admit, but from our presence keep
Warwick

Enter WARWICK, *speaking*.

War. He's here, to answer ev'ry charge
His king can urge against him.

Edw. Ha!

War. Why start?
As if from something monstrous, or of aspect
Dire; for, there was a time, when Warwick's presence
Other emotions rais'd in Edward's eye,
Than those of horrour; nor yet his firm zeal
Doth know what cause hath alien'd thy heart,
And makes thee plan dishonour to a friend.
Unwilling to give credit to report,
Himself is come to learn the dreadful motive.

Edw.

Edw. Then wait our leisure, and our will to tell it.

War. Is this the recompence for all my toils?

Th' illustrious marks of eminent distinction

With which you were to signalize my service?

Remember, sir, that hard-fought, doubtful day;

For many hours the field with death was cover'd;

'Midst heaps of slain your father breath'd his last.

Then, cover'd with his blood, but fighting still;

(The hostile sword was levell'd at your life)

I flew to your assistance, forc'd my way

Thro' troops embattl'd, and there sav'd your life,

At the immediate peril of my own.

With the assistance of some faithful friends,

I soon had brought you out of danger's reach;

And there assembled straight, by your desire,

Such of our chieftains as surviv'd the fray.

Before them all thus were you pleas'd to speak:

"Heav'n seems t' appoint you guardian of my life,

"Good Warwick!... henceforth be my guide and friend.

"Conduct my youthful steps in glory's path;

"Your ev'ry service Edward shall remember,

"Nor prove ungrateful where he owes so much."

Edw. Well . . . What inference would proud Warwick draw?

War. These were your words; I b'liev'd them; was deceiv'd.

Was it for this I turn'd the fate of war;

Made fly before me a tremendous queen,

And earn'd, by wounds, the title of invincible?

But, wherefore waste my breath in the recital;

For

For services are crimes to the ungrateful;
 No other fault have I been guilty of. . . .
 But were I, sov'reign, to recount your faults. . . .
 You've violated every sacred bond;
 Friendship and honour trampled on: by heav'n,
 My blood recoils at thy ingratitude.

Edw. Who boast their mighty deeds are more than
 paid

I shou'd have conquer'd or have dy'd without you;
 That truth you can't deny: what farther urg'd is false.
 Have I not giv'n thee more than e'er I promis'd?
 Ungen'rous railer; all the titles, honours,
 The wealth, the places, pow'r I've rais'd you to,
 Are these not proofs of Edward's gratitude?
 I own I fought Elizabeth in wedlock.
 Am I refus'd the birth-right of a man?
 For nature's feeling must a subject chide me?
 Must ev'ry tender sentiment be hush'd
 For th' angel form that now attracts my soul,
 Lest He, stern monitor, rebuke me for it?
 What else can you reproach your prince? in what
 Am I unjust or cruel? Warwick speak.
 Has she been forc'd by me to hymen's rites?
 Like you, I love her; am I therein guilty?
 Your passion strongly pleads in my defence.
 Besides, I have her father's glad concurrence;
 And she, as yet, has not explain'd her mind.
 Others, perhaps, may charm as well as Warwick.

War. Patience! good heav'n! . . . to be insulted thus!
 You knew full well I lov'd Elizabeth,

Long

Long before you express'd a liking to her.
I thought that some respect, ev'n from my prince,
Was due to my affections, not to thwart 'em.
However, this resource remains, shou'd Edward
Attempt still farther in his odious suit ;
Warwick, by honour, love, and glory bound,
Will, to his last, defend Elizabeth :
And they, who'd rob me of her, may repent
I've ne'er been injur'd with impunity.

Edw. Nor I been menac'd with impunity.
But, for that friendship, which I've long held dear,
And now protects you, you shou'd instant rue
Your daring insolence to England's monarch.
And that restraint outweighs your services
I yet am master of myself ; forbear
To irritate a prince who still regards you ;
Equally prompt to punish and forgive
What ! tho' you rais'd me to the throne I'm king :
Revere our wrath, and dare not to provoke it.

War. Treatment, like this, I shou'd have long expected
From the ingrate and perjurd house of York,

Edw. Guards, seize your pris'ner . . . thou audacious
traitor [*the guards surround Warwick.*]

War. Wretches, avaunt ; nor, with unhallow'd hands
Defile our person . . . Tyrant, is it thus
You treat the man to whom you owe the throne ?
Here, take my sword, and rip this honest heart ;

34 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

That way at once discharge the debt of glory.
Why stand'st irresolute? strike, strike, I say.

[He throws his sword at the king's feet.]

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eliz. Ye heav'nly powers protect us all from danger.
Warwick a pris'ner! can it be! O, speak!
Deign, gracious monarch, to attend my pray'r:
On me let your resentful ire be turn'd,
I am th' unhappy cause of this debate.
The fault was mine, t' have not inform'd you first,
That Warwick's heart and mine were long engag'd.
That would have stifled then your growing passion.
Since now you've learn'd th' imperious force of love,
O learn compassion for what others feel.
Warwick's great deeds for you endear'd him to me;
I, in the hero, lov'd my sov'reign's friend.

War. Vain's your attempt to soften such a heart:
Your frank confession but provokes him more:
His keenest joy wou'd spring from my oppression.
'T wou'd glad his soul to lead you to an altar
Stain'd with my blood. He longs to see it stream:
But, ere he can accomplish that desire,
Revenge, perhaps, may fall to Warwick's lot.

[Ex. Warwick.]

Edw. Attend him, guards; straight to the Tow'r convey
This more than subject; wou'd be king of kings.

Eliz. The storm arises, and no port appears:
What have you order'd? Whither sent my Warwick?
Can love for me inspire you to be cruel?

Edw.

The EARL of WARWICK. 35

Edw. No, madam; fear not for his life: I mean
To save him from himself; prevent rebellion;
Which his hot temper would be prompt to raise.
I mean, he shou'd be check'd, but not destroy'd.
You have declar'd a pref'rence for his love.
Betwixt ye both what tortures I endure!
Hated by you, insulted by a subject!
Are these not motives for a tenfold rage?
Perhaps, in Warwick's blood, I ought to wash
The gross affront to royalty in me.
But, my heart shudders at the horrid thought
And interceding friendship calms my wrath.
I am not yet so cruelly inclin'd,
As not to listen to the plea of virtue.
Now, fair Elizabeth, yourself be judge,
That Edward's passion merited success.

Eliz. Since virtue holds th' ascendant in your heart,
Enjoy the glorious conquest of yourself.
Forgive a lover's pardonable rashness:
Nor Warwick be impleaded by his prince.
Who'd e'er have thought (but, for my hapless beauty)
A difference cou'd jar 'twixt you and him;
Your bravest leader, and your crown's support!
If, blind by wrath, he has transgress'd the bounds
Of duty and allegiance; you, my liege,
Be greater still; excuse his headstrong warmth,
And humble him, by gen'rously forgiving.
We both will strive who shall applaud you most,
And make your fame eclipse e'en that of Warwick.
Then will each thought, be joyously employ'd,
T'adore my lover, and admire my king.

36 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Edw. Think you I'm made of such soft pliant stuff,
As to reward the culprit who insults me !
Nay more, tamely to sue for reconciliation !
That Edward never can.

Enter SUFFOLK, *Guards.*

Suff. Warwick is pris'ner ;
But, on the way, as to the Tow'r conducted,
Shew'd no abatement of his native pride.
He follow'd with a haughty, sullen air ;
While crowds assembling, who hold him their idol,
Proclaim'd their love for him in murmurs loud.

Edw. [*to Eliz.*] You see his destiny conspires against him,
And plunges me in more perplexity.

[*To Suff.*] Yes, Suffolk, I will humble his proud heart :
Fear not for me, nor for the consequence.

If London rise, London shall know who's king.

Assemble all my guards around the palace :

In vain does Warwick hope to fright his prince,
With the loud cries of a tumultuous rabble.

[*To Eliz.*] You ne'er shall see him triumph o'er his sov'reign.
The passions kindl'd by your charms, excite
These dire commotions he's about to raise.

[*Ex.* Edward, Suffolk, *Guards.*

ELIZABETH, SOLA.

Eliz. Ah ! me, that I should cause such wild dissension.

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. Why, beauteous lady, waste such precious time

In

The EARL of WARWICK. 37

In unavailing sighs and vague complaints?
The woman, worthy of the love of Warwick,
Shou'd fix her thoughts upon more noble views:
Action, revenge, the rescue of her lover.
Second my efforts, he shall soon be free.
Rouse up, to instant arms, your kindred, friends,
And all o'er whom you've any influence;
Bid them join me, and fight in Warwick's cause.

Eliz. Madam, I see the drift of your design;
You have, already, but too well succeeded,
In working hasty Warwick to your purpose;
To danger's brink, your constant wish, you've led him;
And add new fuel to his fiery temper.
The ills we feel you turn to your advantage.
Our int'rests, madam, cannot be the same;
And, notwithstanding all your deep laid schemes,
I hope to counterwork their tendency,
And so prevent the mischief spreading farther.

[*Ex. Eliz.*]

MARGARET, SOLA.

Marg. There's now no time to lose: this puling beauty,
This silky maid, fear'd at the thought of war,
Lest she shou'd lose her darling paramour,
And be depriv'd of all her promis'd joys,
By her report will quite unmask my plot.
York yet is tender of the life of Warwick;
And, though insulted, he would fain forgive.
Youth is but seldom obstinate in anger,
As proves old age, by long experience harden'd.

Warwick,

38 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Warwick, the injur'd Warwick's on my side:
He must be rescu'd to make safe my vengeance.
With his, to-day, is Marg'ret's fortune join'd:
If we succeed, he next must fall; my victim!

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The* TOWER.

WARWICK, SOLUS.

War. DAY of disgrace, of infamy, and shame!
Must twenty glorious years in prison end?
Cou'd e'en the house of Lancaster surmise,
That Edward, yielding to impetuous rage,
Would thus, thro' me, expose his new-got pow'r.
Where's now the fickle people's boasted love?
They rise not in my cause, nor effort make
To have me rescu'd from imprisonment.
Ingratitude's the motto of the times. . . . [pauses]
Here, humbling check to plum'd ambition's pride,
The walls re-echo to my startled ears,
The groans of Henry, whom I here confin'd;
Copartners now in thraldom! chains for chains!
O unexpected ignominious fall.
Instructive lesson for the vainly great:

Th'

Th' oppressor and th' oppress'd, are here immur'd;
This common refuge does now harbour both:
The happier he, to adverse fate resign'd,
Is free from dread of any greater ill,
And the rude pangs that rack his conqu'ror's breast.

Enter SUMNER.

But, can I believe my eyes? is't you, my friend?
My ever true . . . by what authority
Hast thou gain'd entrance here? . . .

Sum. By royal Edward's.

Trembling, I approach'd him; and with me went
Elizabeth, in tears; her sorrow spoke.

"Your friend," to me address'd the king, "as yet

"May not be deem'd unworthy of our pardon;

"But he must change his haughtiness of temper;

"Learn the deportment of a dutious subject,

"And know he has a master: that's our will."

How far proud York wou'd humble Warwick's spirit,

Is not for me to say; it grates my soul,

And rouses me to arms: try me once more.

I've learn'd, near you, in hottest fields of action,

Danger to scorn, and fight my way to glory.

That courage now to Warwick I devote;

Resolv'd to perish or to triumph with him.

War. Thanks, gen'rous sir; who sides with the dis-
tress'd,

Is that rare phoenix, a true friend: but, ah!

You're not a stranger to my fallen state:

And I've, perhaps, been indiscreetly warm;

A fault

40 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

A fault ungrateful princes ne'er forgive.
 My wanted pride sinks under this disgrace,
 (My laurels with'ring in a prison's gloom)
 Nor cou'd survive, but thro' the hope of vengeance.....
 Catch from my words the fire within my breast,
 And let it quickly spread throughout the land.
 Tell Albion's sons their chief is here confin'd:
 That he who fought the nation's battles, Warwick,
 Groans in captivity; a traitor's punishment.
 Tell them, you've seen their fav'rite hero weep;
 That nothing's wanted but their brave assistance:
 If they take arms, he'll lead them on to conquest.

Sum. I'll call up all that's English in their breasts.

War. But what does Marg'ret in this trying crisis?

Sum. Nothing neglects, and ev'ry engine moves
 T' insure success to your combin'd resentment.
 With cautious silence she conducts her plan,
 Lest a discov'ry shou'd defeat her purpose.
 Her agents, vers'd in policy's deep art,
 Join'd to your friends, with moving arguments
 Arouze the willing citizens to arms.
 Their cogent plea, that Edward has debarr'd
 Of peaceful quiet, this too harass'd nation,
 And, thro' his courtship to Elizabeth,
 Basely provokes the rage of France against him:
 That, who so ill repays the deeds of Warwick,
 Is prov'd unworthy of the English throne.

War. That's well: O, that this hand again cou'd wield
 My sword; from friends and heav'n I'd ask no more.

Sum.

The EARL of WARWICK.

41

Sum. Ere long you shall enjoy your wish.

War. O, joy!

O, extasy! to head my zealous friends,

The vet'ran partners of my former glory!

Preceded by the terrour of my name,

We'll drive before us Edward's feeble troops.

O! shou'd th' offender and th' offended meet! . . .

This gewgaw pageant of my own appointment,

Shall learn from me, he holds a pris'ner now;

What is a king, when man encounters man.

Tho', in idea, I'll enjoy the thought . . .

To see this tyrant humbled at my feet,

And then upbraid him for his perfidy . . .

"Ungrateful king, t'have thus betray'd thy friend,

"Who serv'd thee but too well; that's my sole crime;

"Thou wert not born to call thyself my master.

"Now let the fortune of this day decide,

"Who is the nobler mortal of the two:

"And, if thou fall'st, it is by Warwick's sword:

"Some comfort, e'en in death." . . . But, I delay

Too long thy ardent zeal . . . excuse my passion . . .

Time spent in threats is lost to great revenge. . . .

Thou know'st my thoughts; away, dispatch, haste, fly.

[*Ex. Sumner.*]

WARWICK, SOLUS.

War. O, fortune! deign to smile upon me now. . .

But I, perhaps, too far indulge fond thoughts,

'That hope relief from an inconstant people:

And the unhappy often wish their ruin,

In what they first implor'd for as their safety. . . .

G

That

42 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

That I, the arbiter of England's fate,
In peace successful, and in war triumphant;
The fav'rite idol of a warlike nation,
Gladly returning to my native land,
Shou'd meet such unexpected infamy
T' eclipse the former glories of my life:
And by the wretch I plac'd upon a throne,
Be plung'd myself in ignominious thraldom.

Enter ELIZABETH, *a* *Servant*.

War. Madam, 'tis kind to visit the distress'd,
And, with your charms, to soothe the baleful scene.
Is it an act of favour, or revenge
From the fell tyrant, that I see you here?
Now free'd from jealous thoughts, he bad you come,
And, of lost Warwick, take your last farewell!
Thus to exasperate the ills I feel,
And hurry on what he desires, my death.

Eliz. Do not give way to such desponding thoughts;
I come the messenger of better terms:
Yield but a little, ye will soon be friends;
And wish'd-for peace

War. No more, Elizabeth!
The sound of peace is grating to my ears;
But, to retune them, speak of sweet revenge.

Eliz. Can naught assuage the tumult in your breast?
Shall Warwick prove less kind than Edward is?
The king was pleas'd to hear, while I display'd
Your many valiant deeds t' assert his right;

That

That your warm zeal should be your prides's excuse;
And love be mine, that I entreated for you:
His princely honour, and his grateful mind,
Gave mild attention to the suit I urg'd:
He felt for my distress; with dropping tears
Declar'd he wou'd not force my inclination;
But hop'd that due submission wou'd be paid
For th' insult royalty receiv'd in him:
Now that avow'd rebellion murmurs loud,
And restless faction menaceth his throne:
Th' alarm-word to sedition, Warwick's name!

War. Heav'n! how I languish for vindictive blows!
My friends are slow, they feel not like their chief...
My soul anticipates the fall of Edward.

Eliz. How can you feed your mind with idle dreams
Of visionary conquest? while a pris'ner!
You're here surrounded by a world of danger.

War. Danger to cowards, heroes bound o'er all,
Dauntless; and wrest their fame from difficulty.

Eliz. But, sir, consider, 'tis in Edward's pow'r,
So rash an expedition to prevent,
And make a sacrifice of him who threatens.

War. Alas! too true it is: he can indeed
Rob me of life this hour, if he so wills it;
Hundreds are ready t' execute his mandate,
Shou'd he dare venture on so black a crime.
Then, be it so; my soul shall ne'er recoil:
Better to die than owe my life to him.

44 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Eliz. Forgive, barbarian, my officious love,
That intercession made for what you slight;
Your life: trembling for you, and for myself
Prevent the storm that's ready to break forth
I know how much it costs your swelling heart
To yield to Edward: but the fate of others,
Now link'd with your's, should challenge your compassion.
The least submissive word will calm the king. . . .
O, for a moment lay aside your pride:
'Tis no disgrace to supplicate a monarch.
He'll meet you half way, do but you begin.
He knows, respects; he fears, yet values you:
Nay, more, he wishes all may end in friendship;
While Edward does so much, will you do nothing?

War. Why, what has Edward done? a mighty boon,
Forsooth! suppress'd a passion you dislike.
Prodigious effort, sure! What reparation
Cou'd all the heads that have been number'd kings,
Make to my glory for the foul dishonour
Wherein I now am sunk. Ha bondage for me;
Were there no hope to wash this stain by vengeance,
Perish creation, and the name of Warwick. . . .
'Twould soothe his pride that I shou'd kneel for pardon,
And such forgiving make him popular. . . .
That I shou'd bow a suppliant to Edward;
Who, to the valour of this arm, so late
Owes life and fame; the sceptre, and throne!
Holds all from me; to him I nothing owe. . . .
Must I then beg precarious vile existence?
The grant of eking out inglorious days!

From

The EARL of WARWICK. 45

From what? the creature of my sword. . . .
[Elizabeth offering to speak.]

. Speak low,
My sweet Elizabeth, lest the foul air
Of this confinement, pension'd to the king,
Catch the base sounds, and spread my shame abroad.
Warwick submit! . . . 'tis blasphemy in thought. . . .

Eliz. Since you destroy all hopes; hear my last words:
O most perverse, most obstinate of men;
Deaf to the voice of love, to friendship's call:
Unmov'd by all the anguish which I feel
Thy soul's impetuous to let havoc loose,
And deal destruction thro' thy native country. . . .
Go, parricide, enjoy thy cruel wish
And savage pride, the bane of all thy virtues:
Regardless of Elizabeth in tears. . . .
Hew thee a passage thro' the faithful troops
That guard the king, and then assault his life:
His sacred life! which, monster, if thou do'st,
Thou ne'er shalt see me more. From that dread moment
I break off commerce with the human race,
Nor will I live to see such scenes of horror:
Thy hated laurels drench'd in English blood,
Thy fell sword reeking from the royal heart. . . .
No; I'll betake me to a safe retreat,
Ne'er to be troubl'd by the plagues of war;
Nor hear of thee, more barbarous than all.

War. To what retreat?

Eliz. The wretches pillow; death. . . .

War.

46. *The* EARL of WARWICK.

War. Death! you! Elizabeth! my love! for whom
Alone I wish to breathe: revive in glory,
That, not unworthy of your virtuous charms,
(The infamy of chains wip'd off) I may
Regenerated claim you for my wife;
By base confinement render'd thy inferiour.

Eliz. Imaginary quite is such debasement,
Nor ought to influence a noble mind.
How much more infamous the name of rebel
Or vile assassin of his rightful king?

War. What canst thou mean by such opprobrious
terms?

Eliz. That who deserves them ne'er must hope to wed
Elizabeth; or see her from this hour.

War. You've scar'd my senses from their wonted office;
And, in their place, wild anarchy prevails.
When thy kind hand shou'd smoothe the brow of care,
And drive the tribe of anguish from my heart,
To be the chief to add to my despair,
Is wanton cruelty! 'tis scorn! 'tis death!

Eliz. You'd rather die, than live on the mild terms
Which I solicit.

War. I wou'd.

Eliz. Warwick, farewell!
Elizabeth once lov'd you; now no more!

War. Recall, my fair, recall those killing words.
No more! 'tis pulling at the strings of life,

And

And makes your Warwick eminently wretched.
Fate cou'd no more . . . I now defy its malice.
Your tears distract, your sighs unman me quite:
You've conquer'd me.

Eliz. What shall I tell the king?

War. On shameful terms who'd supplicate for life? . . .

[*aside.*]

Tell him, that Warwick, won by your entreaty,
Will condescend to be his friend again;
If he remember in the king, the man:
And purge him of the tyrant's vice, ingratitude.

Eliz. Why trifle with my grief, and your own ruin?

War. To me and friends, who rais'd him to the
crown,

Setting the claim of Lancaster aside,
Bid him return: we'll pardon his mistake,
But punish those who led his youth astray.

Eliz. Some daemon must possess you with this frenzy.

War. Tell him, that Warwick, I, first form'd his
mind

To noble sentiments and deeds of glory;
And prov'd his buckler in the field of danger,
Midst charging hosts, when death was rife: rude war,
With horrid devastation by her side,
Alike the princes and the subject smote.
From such dire scenes I snatch'd him to a throne;
There bound his brows with England's diadem
For life expos'd, for services like these,

Irk some

Irkome to Edward, odious to myself,
There now remains but one request to grant.

Eliz. O, let me know't, that I may instant fly!

War. You will!

Eliz. By all our loves

War. For this swoll'n heart
A sword, or dagger; that will close th' account . . .

Enter an Officer with Soldiers.

Off. Madam, the king commands that you attend him;
And go with us.

Eliz. O, misery extreme!
What woes on woes accumulated fall!

War. What? do you leave me? spite of all restraint
Tears will force their way: judge now if I love you. . . .
'Twould be some comfort in the pangs of death
To fix my last departing looks on you . . .
But Edward studies ev'ry torture for me.

Off. 'Tis the king's order, you must straight away,
And be conducted to his royal presence.

Eliz. The time allow'd me to insure your life,
You've let escape; and now my lot's despair!
You have undone us both! adieu for ever!

War. O, sounds more dreadful than a nation's groans!
Adieu for ever! . . . No . . . you shall not go
Here will I cling, here sigh my soul away;
The only happiness this vile world affords.

Off.

The EARL of WARWICK. 49

Off. Our mandate's special, and brooks no delay.

War. They tear her from me! barbarians! murderers! [*Ex. Eliz. Off.*]

WARWICK, SOLUS.

[*Having look'd after Elizabeth forc'd from him, pauses a while.*]

War. Ripe for destruction, welcome ev'ry ill!

If there be any pow'r to punish crimes,

Can it permit such tyranny t' escape? . . .

Not satisfy'd with my dishonour'd state,

The spoiler robs me of my little all,

My heart's reserve; my sweet Elizabeth:

And yet, O cruelty! delays my death. . . .

Just heav'n, who see th' affliction of my mind, . . .

Support me in this hour of misery: . . .

Let not misfortune weigh me down so far,

As to act aught unworthy of myself. . . .

No; be the grave my refuge from such shame.

[*walks pensively, then sits.*]

Here, Warwick, sit, calamity's companion;

And ruin's monument! . . . How tedious roll

The melancholy hours! . . . How gloomy all

Around appears: and, o'er each sickly thought,

A deep'ning horror sheds! . . . my heart is shrunk,

And my soul flags in mournful sympathy . . .

[*springs from his seat.*]

But hark! . . . What noise, what clank of chains or
swords!

The din approaches, drives more full upon me:

They're here . . . to execute the last command

H

Of

50 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Of Edward 'gainst his friend. Base fear avaunt !
 This breast, so often wounded in his cause,
 I now will bare ; present it to his ruffians ;
 And, rather than forgiveness, will receive
 Whate'er ye bring

*Enter several Citizens, their swords drawn ; Warwick marches
 up to them, his breast naked.*

Sum. We bring revenge, and freedom
[running on.]

To brave Warwick *[gives him a sword.]*

War. Reviving news ! my sword
 Once more I grasp ! Say, where is Edward now ?

Sum. Alarm'd and stunn'd at th' unexpected storm,
 He gathers all his forces round the palace,
 But means to fight us near the city wall,
 Where the staunch friends of Warwick are encamp'd,
 To intercept all succours from the country.

War. Ere any come, York's reign shall be no more . .
 From thralldom free ; my vengeance now is sure,
 The lion thus, bold emblem of our isle,
 (His dread career, by stratagem suspended)
 If by some lucky incident releas'd,
 Thence fiercer grown resumes th' obstructed way,
 Bounds from the toils, and bears upon his prey.

[Ex. War. Sum. and Citizens.]

The EARL of WARWICK. 31

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Warwick's camp on a rising ground
near London.*

WARWICK, Solus.

War. **O**NCE more the fate of England's in my
hand:

Edward's ingratitude provokes his ruin,
And wav'ring fortune veers to Lancaster.

But, ha! . . . shall I raise up that fallen house,
which I myself depos'd? were't right? were't good?
Were't for the nation's interest and glory?

Passion subside; and thou cool judgment answer. . . [pauses]

A sudden ray of light shoots o'er my mind. . .

I will do so . . . and give new cause for wonder.

Enter Officer.

War. Ha! who comes there? how now? what's the
news? speak.

Off. Marg'ret, escap'd from her confinement, brings
The friends of Lancaster to join your troops:

And now they shape their way along yon vale,

To form your left when ready to attack.

War. 'Tis well: our right wing Sumner shall com-
mand.

Here he comes . . .

52 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Enter SUMNER, and other principal officers.

..... What think you of this day?

Sum. But as one more made famous by your valour.
Such crowds on crowds throng from the city gates,
To fight beneath your banner; that, the task
Will be to keep in bounds, not spur their courage.

War. Can Edward say as much?

Sum. No; he's by most
Forfaken (as from our spies I have learn'd)
Except the troops that live on royal pay.
His mandate's giv'n to raise the royal standard.

War. Vain scheme to draw the citizens from me.

He'll find more virtue in the name of Warwick,
To raise Britania's free-born sons to arms:
Nor is it mine; 'tis their own cause they fight:
That of their children and posterity;
To check despotic sway. Victoria pleas'd,
Smiles on our camp, and claps triumphant wings

Enter Officer. A trumpet sounds.

What trumpet's that?

Off. An herald from the queen.

Enter Herald.

War. Your mistress' will

Her. That your encreasing numbers
You marshal forthwith, to encounter York.

War.

The EARL of WARWICK. 53

War. We shall observe . . . my zeal will equal her's,
And movements mutually direct each other. [*Ex. Her.*
I see what her impatience would be at,
She pants for the immediate crush of Edward . . .
That suits not me; I have a nobler scheme, [*aside*]
To punish him, and add still to my fame.

And now my friends, whose voluntary swords
Shine brightly menacing in Warwick's cause;
[*they all draw.*]

If 'tis decreed we ne'er shall meet again,
Be this then our adieu: since laurel'd death
The brave prefer to an ignoble life.

Whatever be the fortune of the war,
O spare your prince . . . his youth and errors past:
He has the principles of many virtues;
And, duly curb'd, may prove a patriot king . . .

Let's now, through ev'ry rank, diffuse that spirit
Which just resentment breathes, which conquest crowns:
And, when the great decisive moment calls,
These be the signal words for all to charge:

Albion, Elizabeth [*Exit.*

(*The rest following*). Warwick and liberty.

[*Join'd by shouts from without.*]

SCENE changes to the king's camp under the city wall, on
which the royal standard is display'd.

Enter EDWARD, SUFFOLK.

Edw. The royal standard, and a king resolv'd,
Are motives, sure, for loyalty to fight.

The

54 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

The giddy crowd, by acclamations won,
The mob's huzzaing to they know not what,
I soar above, regardless, Let desert
Appear, and challenge me for partial dealing;
That so I may be dealt with : But, just heav'n!
If I this day must fall, I'm satisfied.
Resign'd to thy awards, O, providence;
With wisdom infinite directing all;
Thy ways not to be scrutiniz'd by mortals.

Suff. And yet this dreadful scene of blood, my liege,
May be prevented.

Edw. How?

Suff. Make some concession
To haughty Warwick, 'twill disarm his pride.
He loves you while he rails against : and now,
So perilous an aspect wears your cause,
'Tis an expedient, in your place, I'd try.

Edw. And so wou'd Edward, if he were a Suffolk.

Suff. Forgive me, sir, I meant it for the better.

Edw. Acts of Submission are for vulgar minds :
Be the first fear of great ones, to offend.
Shou'd I to such capitulation stoop,
I were a traitor to prerogative ;
Forbid it honour, and forbid it England.

Suff. Such noble sentiments become a king :
But what avail they in the field of battle,
Where princes are but men ; and, if with troops
Sufficient, not supported, must give way.

Edw.

The EARL of WARWICK 55

Edw. I, chief on men select and true, depend:
I know my troops are few, but their king leads 'em,
And virtue fires each loyal breast . . .

Suff. What can
Your Majesty propose with such a handful?

Edw. With them to conquer, or with them to perish.
And what more glorious tomb shou'd kings desire,
Than to be bury'd amongst faithful subjects;
Who, sword in hand, fell fighting in their cause . . .

Suff. My liege, it is not fear that makes me speak:
Where death most riots, there you'll find me near you:
I only tremble for your royal person.

Edw. Think not of me, while England is expos'd
To the fell plunder of revolted sons . . .
O, thou St. George, great patron of this realm,
Let me meet Warwick in the flock of battle;
(The throne, the sceptre, diadem forgot)
By him I first was taught a warrior's duty,
I'll shew him there his precepts were not lost:
I'll prove the pupil worthy of the master,
And soar his king, in valour as in title.

Suff. Unhappy England, shalt thou ne'er know peace?

Edw. Ungrateful man, how I did love him, Suffolk.

Suff. I know it, sir

Edw. He over-rates all service,
For the insatiate pleasure of reproaching:
And, ever twitting benefits conferr'd,

Edw. What

56 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

What ha'n't I done to please that restless spirit?
 Ev'n his confinement in the Tow'r was meant
 T' anticipate this dreadful insurrection,
 And skreen his life from treasonable practice.
 My friendly purpose turns to my destruction.

Enter Officer.

Off. The enemies, my liege, are in full march
 Adown the hill, all shouting Warwick's name;
 And Marg'ret joins him with the friends of Lancaster.

Edw. Bent be each bow, and drawn be ev'ry sword.
[*they draw.*]

Let dangers multiply; they scare me not:
 Collected in myself to meet them all,
 I'll die a man; not live a subject king.

[*Ex. Ed. Suff. Off. --- drums beating, and
 trumpets sounding a charge without.*]

SCENE. *An apartment in Edward's palace.*

Enter ELIZABETH, Attendants.

1st Atten. For heav'n-sake, madam, be not so ingenious
 To rack your mind with visionary evils.

Eliz. Helen of Greece was innocent to me:
 The mischief caus'd by her, surpass'd by mine,
 Will, to posterity, transmit my name;
 In blackest colours. She contention rous'd
 'T wixt diff'ring nations; I, 'twixt cordial friends:

The

The bravest two that e'er grac'd human form ;
Determin'd now upon each other's ruin.

Hear ye loud shouts, dire yells, and dismal groans !
They strike upon my ear, and rend my heart !

2d Atten. There's not a whisper stirring ; all is hush'd.

Eliz. What scaffold's yonder, and for whom erected ?
Whose mangled corse lies bleeding on the ground ?
Whose gory head glides horrid thro' the air,
And stares upon me ! . . . Ah ! it is my Warwick's . . .
[falls into the arms of her attendants.]

1st Atten. She faints ; help ! . . .

2d Atten. Never was distress like
her's.

Eliz. Why am I here confin'd while danger's rife ?
I caus'd this tumult, I must bring the calm . . .
I'll not be thus withheld ; I'll straight abroad.
The brazen throat of war roars all around,
And calls me forth to mingle in the fray . . .

What dreadful blows yon combatants exchange !
The younger reels ; he falls . . . O spare him, War-
wick . . .

'Tis your own Edward ; 'tis the king you've rear'd ;
Heav'n bids you stop . . . I throw myself between,
My breast his shield ; now wound him if you can.

1st Atten. Her mind is hurt, and heeds not our advice.

Eliz. Where have I been ? Methinks that from a
dream

I now awake . . . What is the news ? . . .

I

Enter

Enter SUFFOLK.*Suff.* Most glorious!

O, fair Elizabeth, your godlike lover,
Has now exceeded all his martial feats.

His valiant troops with Margaret's combin'd,
Outstretch'd the king's, and nearly overpow'r'd;

When the great project, lab'ring in his mind,

To shew the king his errour, not to crush him,

Was quicken'd by sure information brought,

That Margaret had many hands employ'd,

T' approach, and to assassinate the king,

With the chief nobles to his cause attach'd.

Warwick sent speedy orders to his right,

To wheel about, surrender to their sov'reign,

And, from assassination shield his life.

These orders giv'n, with such heroic force,

As if the god of war had utter'd them,

Were, without murmur, and with zeal, obey'd;

Himself the centre turning on the left,

Where Margaret was brooding deadly mischief,

Thus spoke aloud to those who follow'd him:

"Let this day's conduct, O my gallant friends,

"Shew we're free subjects, but not slaves, or murderers."

Eliz. There spoke the hero whom my heart adores.
Where is he now?

Suff. Pursues the bloody queen
And her defeated troops along the Thames.

But here's the king; from him you'll farther learn.

Enter

Enter **E D W A R D,** *Officers.*

Eliz. O, joy, that you are sav'd by Warwick's faith!

Edw. By Warwick's faith, indeed! ... Almost undone,
Hopeless, nor wishing to escape with life,
My guardian genius rush'd 'twixt me and ruin;
Corrected fortune stopt the battle's rage.
Return'd to duty, from the muid'rous sword
He rescu'd Edward, mark'd out for destruction
By wicked Marg'ret's unabating hatred.

Eliz. Be all the actions of his life like this:
To honour sacred, and his sov'reign's welfare.

Edw. Words cannot paint the gratitude I feel
For his atchievment on this dreadful crisis.
It far exceedeth all his former deeds,
And challenges from me a just return.
What juster can be made, than thy fair hand,
By me, in wedlock, giv'n to thy lov'd Warwick?
Suppressing those desires which made us differ;
And, by subduing, make myself his equal,
In the great strife of emulating friendship.

Suff. Noble concession, worthy of yourself.

Eliz. O, blissful tidings!
Make way!

Edw. Who comes here?

Enter **M A R G A R E T,** *guarded.*

Marg. Destruction's herald! Margaret of Anjou!
Once more thy captive, but triumphant still.

602 *The* EARL of WARWICK.

Anguish to you [*to Eliz.*] To you [*to Edw.*] Regret I
brings,

And punish both in Warwick.

Edw. My deliverer
Hurt by thy malice! it can't be!

Marg. It is!

Eliz. If thou'rt a woman, tell me where's my love.

Marg. Thy lover [*to Eliz.*] thy deliverer [*to Edw.*]
bleeds from
A mortal wound: I'd pledge ye in his blood!

Edw. Can such a monster breathe in human shape?

Eliz. Ah! more than tygres!

Marg. I'm an injur'd princess
Dethron'd by treachery; my husband pris'ner;
My young and helpless son, (born England's heir!)
Condemn'd to misery by your oppression.
Warwick and you grew fam'd by my misfortunes:
He's punish'd! . . . thou hast luckily escap'd.
But, if there's any pow'r regards this earth,
A mother's shrieks shall cleave the vaulted sky,
And wake the sleeping thunders to wreak vengeance
On thee, thou tyrant, and thy murd'rous tribe.

Edw. Snatch her away to instant punishment.

Marg. I fear not any pain thou can'st inflict . . .
My soul disdains thee . . . but, if flesh shou'd fail,
At ev'ry pang this blood-drench'd isle will shake,
And my last groan shall manifest the queen.

Edw.

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Edw. Justice for thee new torture shall invent.

[*Ex. Margaret, guarded.*

[*As she is carried off, enter WARWICK, wounded, and supported by Sumner, with other officers.*]

War. O, stop, my prince, nor let the voice of wrath
Disgrace thy judgment . . . pardon a weak woman
Abusive words, the charter of despair;
Affliction prompts her disappointed mind
To mischief (goaded on by blind revenge)
To which I'm fall'n a victim, mark'd as you were . . .
But, thanks to heav'n, and my auspicious star,
With loss of mine, I've sav'd my Edward's life . . .
My only wish to see you ere I die . . .
Let ruthless Margaret be sent to France,
Her exile there will prove her punishment.

Edw. It shall be so, good Warwick . . .

War. Murd'ring me
For ever alienates all English minds,
To favour an inheritance to her's.

Edw. A poor equivalent for loss of thee.

War. We've both been much to blame: our idle
contest
Gave spirit to the friends of Lancaster . . .
Is that Elizabeth? befriend her sorrow . . .
For her alone I now cou'd wish to live;
My race of glory finish'd for my king.

Eliz. Must we then part? O, cruel destiny!

War.

War. We must; adieu . . . my honour'd prince,
farewel . . .

My sov'reign weeps; O recompence too great
For my poor efforts . . . what a subject thou'd

Edw. Your king weeps not a subject, but his friend.

War. No passion cou'd erase my friendship for you . . .
I'm spent, and life runs off apace . . . protect her
Remember Warwick . . . but forget his faults. [dies.]

Eliz. He's gone! and leaves me here . . . Why holds
my heart?

Edw. Oh! Suffolk! . . . [leans upon him.]

Eliz. . . . Yes: united thus we'll never part.
[Stabs with a poniard, and throws herself upon
Warwick.]



The END.

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